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A Sonnet in Dialogue.

PATRICK MACDONOUGH, 1903.

(SCENE.—*A Park. Evening. Concert Closing.*)

SHE.

You said you'd see me safely home to-night.

HE.

But then I did not know that Frank was here.

SHE.

Nor I that May was till you called her 'dear.'

HE.

Ahem, well I—I did not mean to slight.

SHE.

Why no; of course you had a perfect right.

HE.

And still I have offended you, I fear.

SHE.

She wears the hat she had this time last year.

HE.

Some eyes see much, tho' there be little light.

SHE.

There go May and Frank. Well, I do declare!

HE.

And both have left without the least adieu.

SHE.

I'm really glad, she'll bore him with her talk.

HE.

So we're alone. If I might only dare—

SHE.

I'd not exchange with May; with Frank, would you?

HE.

You know I love you. Shall we ride or walk?

The Relation between Art and Morality.

WILLIAM D. FURRY.



O ask the question whether there is any relation between Art and Morality, Truth and Righteousness, and attempt to establish the answer given is not a new undertaking.

The question has been discussed in one form or another for many centuries. Mr. Brunetière calls it a trite question, since, he says, "it has been discussed in every salon, academy, studio and school from the days of Plato." The whole history of Art as well as of speculative thought has centred about this question. The two tendencies of Art known as "Art for Art's sake" and "Art for Truth's sake," and the two tendencies in speculative thought known as "Idealism" and "Materialism," represent not only a change in fashion or taste, but two opposite and constantly opposing tendencies in human nature. The character both of Art and the speculative thought of any age is determined by the emphasis given to one or the other of these two tendencies; and the character of the civilization of any age is determined, as we shall see, by its Art and its speculative thought. The relation, therefore, between the art and the speculative thought and between these two and the civilization of any age is more intimate than is generally recognized.

There have been civilizations in which the one or the other of these two tendencies was employed to the complete exclusion of the other. The Greeks after Pericles emphasized Beauty and despised Truth. "Art for Art's sake" became the passion of the age; and as a consequence of the separation of the Beautiful from the True and the Good, Art lost

THE beautiful is not at home in unworthy hands.—*Aphorisms of Sophomores.*

the "Noble simplicity and the quiet grandeur" that characterized the creation of the age of Phidias. Subjects that were considered unworthy of treatment by artists when Art was dominated by a moral purpose, were now admitted; but what Grecian Art gained after Pericles by an increase of subjects it lost in elevation and purity of spirit and purpose.

The Puritans after Cromwell pursued an opposite course. They not only emphasize Morality to the complete exclusion of Art, but went so far as to pronounce all Art immoral, and placed it under the ban of the church. They not only sought to discourage and prevent, as far as possible, the production of Art, but attempted to destroy what already existed. They ordered all May-poles to be cut down and the practice discontinued; they attempted to make nude statues moral by covering with plaster the obscene parts; they ordered all ornaments, pictures and statues to be removed from the churches and mutilated; they permitted no music except the chanting of the Psalms, and the sermon was the only literary product tolerated. "It seems," M. Taine says, "as if a black cloud had weighed down the life of man, drowning all light, wiping out all beauty and extinguishing all joy."

Americans are largely the descendants of the Puritans, who settled many questions in a way that has always been adhered to by us; and as a consequence the relation between Art and Morality has not disquieted us until within recent years. Throughout our whole history there has never been a conflict between these two tendencies in Art and speculative thought. This was due not only to the influence of the teachings of the Puritans concerning the immoral tendencies of Art, but because we were too busily engaged in securing a living and developing the resources of a new country. We had more pressing work to do than the production and criticism of Art. But now that the country has been subdued, wealth made and leisure obtained, those indestructible elements of human nature so long suppressed have begun to assert themselves, and the love of the beautiful has arisen to claim its place in our civilization. The question, therefore, of its right and rank is one of the burning questions of the hour.

EXPLANATION OF TERMS.

In the discussion of this question I shall use the term Art in its generally accepted use as including the fine arts and as excluding the practical and mechanical arts; and

in accordance with this limitation of the use of the word we may define Art to be that portion of human activity inspired by the love of the beautiful. It must thus be seen that not all human activities, however beautiful they may be in themselves, are to be included in our definition of Art. The natural eloquence of the savage, the unaffected graces of manner and movement as seen in the posture and gestures of the child, though beautiful in themselves, can not be called artistic, since the artistic includes only those activities that are inspired by the love of the beautiful.

Morality in our age has ceased to have any definite significance whatever. The progress of Materialism, with its attendant doctrine, the relativity of knowledge, has swept away every vestige of the absolute in morals. Morality has come to mean to most men a mere conformity to a set of external rules, or the cultivation of a catalogue of virtues that are nothing more than the capitalized experience of the race. The obligation to practise these virtues is the sublimated selfishness of the individual, and the only sanction is a brain tract that conduces to the pleasures of the individual.

As opposed to this doctrine of the Materialists we shall insist in this essay that there is an absolute foundation for the determination of what is Right as there is also for the determination of what is Beautiful. The experience of the race, as well as individual consciousness, teaches us that every man says to himself: "I enjoy what is beautiful," and at the same time says, "I ought to do what is right." The feeling, therefore, that right is obligatory is as personal and as general as that beauty is pleasurable. There may be a difference of opinion among individuals and nations both at the same time and at different times as to what objects are beautiful and what actions are right, yet all men will certainly conclude that the beautiful is to be desired and the right chosen. In the light of these truths, therefore, we shall use the term Morality as including all human activities that are inspired by the love of Truth.

THE METAPHYSICAL ARGUMENT.

Both the love of the Beautiful and the love of the True are natural to man, in the sense that they are necessary characteristics of human nature. The real man of the heart, *the ideal man*, craves both the Beautiful and the True. But these two desires are not always of equal rank or authority in the

individual or in the race. There is in the human heart a number of affections, passions and active powers, some of which are nobler than others. Between these powers there is a constant struggle for supremacy. Experience and the history of man show that one class of these powers generally enjoys the supremacy, and that it not only gives law to the others, but that it becomes the sole determinant of the moral character of the Art and speculative thought of the age in which it is supreme. The fundamental problem, therefore, of every individual is to determine which of these powers shall be supreme in his life. Human depravity means nothing more than disorder and disturbance among the natural powers of man, the usurpation by the lower powers of the place that belongs, by natural right, to the higher, and the overthrowing of those powers that ought to be supreme and the placing on the throne of those that ought to be subordinate.

It can be readily inferred that some of these powers are inferior, and ought, therefore, to be subordinated to the higher ones; but when we enter the higher realms of human activity, some questions arise as to the rank and right of these powers that can not be solved so easily; and it is with one such problem that we have to do in this essay. It will certainly be granted that both the love of the Beautiful and the love of the True are higher and nobler than the desire for wealth, or political preferment, or sensual gratification; but what shall we conclude concerning the relative right and rank of these two powers? Are they equal and co-ordinate; or is the one superior to the other, and if so, which is the superior?

The whole question concerning the relation that exists between Art and Morality depends upon the answer given to these questions. The Greeks, after Pericles, answered the question by giving Beauty the first place in their art and civilization; while the Puritans, after Cromwell, gave the first place to Morality. In our day there are many that hold and many more that assume that Beauty out-ranks Truth, and that Art is independent of Morality. The later Greek conception of Art has come to be regarded in our age as the true one, and the Grecian civilization of the same period as the highest and most perfect yet reached by mankind. A study of modern Art reveals the fact that the Grecian conception is the central impulse of the greater portion of it, and that modern art-criticism

is founded on the same conception as its one fundamental law.

It will be found that the artists and the critics who hold that Beauty out-ranks Right, and in consequence make Morality subordinate to Art, do so either by ignoring or denying Morality altogether. Furthermore, it will be found that these men are materialists in philosophy, and deny the existence of an absolute standard alike for the determination of what is beautiful and what is right. To these men the theory of an "independent or autonomous conscience" is part of our effete system of speculation. They dismiss altogether the idea of the freedom of the will, and insist with Moleschott, "That man is the product of his parents and his wet-nurse, of time and place, sound and light, wind and weather, food and clothing; and that his will is the necessary consequences of all these causes governed by the laws of nature, just as the planet in its orbit and the vegetable in the soil."

It is very evident that this philosophy lies at the foundation of the prevailing conception that Morality and Truth must be subordinated to Art and Beauty. But it yet remains to be seen that the philosophy that undermines Morality by denying the existence of an absolute standard for the determination of what is right, undermines also the foundation of Art. For if there is no ideal moral order that men may choose to follow, what ground is there for believing that there are ideal forms of Beauty that men may attempt to express in artistic forms? If the existence of the one is denied, by the same process of argument, the other must be denied also; and if such a denial is made—and some modern artists are ready to make it—then we must deny any creative power to the artist, and make Art to be a mechanical copying of nature. If this is true, the painter must give way to the photographer, the poet and novelist to the ubiquitous reporter, and the musician becomes only an æolian harp on which the winds play meaningless melodies.

And yet, as absurd as this may seem to be, it represents the common tendency of art in our age. Realism in art may be said to have been born with materialism in philosophy and to be keeping pace with it. But realism may be used in both a good and a bad sense. It is certainly true that Art must always rest upon a basis of natural reality, and must always be true to the real even when it

transcends it. But the kind of realism advocated by certain artists to-day is not Art at all. These artists insist that whatever is seen or heard is a proper subject for Art, and that the artist must reproduce this material just as he sees or hears it. This doctrine would not be quite so objectionable were it not for the fact that these artists in their efforts to picture real life have shown a decided preference for the gross, the ignoble and the vulgar. They have gone almost exclusively to the slums and dives and police courts for their material, and have assumed, as a modern critic says, "that a dead dog on a dunghill is as proper a subject for Art as a dewdrop on a rose." But this is not as we have defined the word. It is only an imitation of that portion of life of which the most of us know as much as we care to know, and if we wished to know more we should not go to the artists for it.

Imitation is with realists the sole rule of Art. He that would be great among them must be a skilful imitator; and a great work of Art is an exact reproduction of some phase of nature as the artist sees it. But it is certainly true that Art implies something more than an imitation. The monkey, though a very clever imitator, is not an artist. The mere copying of natural phenomena can not be classed as works of Art. There is, however, an element of truth in this contention of the realists. All great Art, that would furnish ideals that are inspiring and satisfactory, must keep close to nature. An ideal wholly divorced from fact or nature would give no inspiration to men that have to do with the actualities of life. Pure idealism in Art is to be discredited along with pure realism. The highest idealism is that which takes up the common facts of our every-day life and points out to us the ideal significance shining out through them. Such an idealism does not merely copy nature,

"It looks at all things as they are,
But through a kind of glory."

The imitative or realistic theory of Art begins with a truth, but a truth that becomes a falsehood if it is not transcended. "Art is Art," Goethe said, "precisely because it is not nature." Art is the expression and the embodiment of the idea that underlies all phenomena, the revelation of the invisible reality through the senses. "It is," as another has said, "Eternity looking through time." The real being of nature is not in itself as phenomena but in the ideal that causes it

to be what it is; and this ideal is the true reality for Art and the substance of all its products. Art, then, must be both realistic and idealistic. There is in reality no contention between the two schools of Art known as the Idealistic and the Realistic schools. So far as the substance of Art is concerned it must be idealistic; while the form, the natural setting of this ideal, must always be true to nature. Indeed, realism coupled with idealism are the two perfectly blended properties in all the world's great Art, as is seen in works of sculptors, painters, poets, novelists and musicians.

Emerson in an essay on Art thus defines the relation of the two properties in Art. "In the Fine Arts not imitation but creation is the aim. In landscapes, the painter should give the suggestion of a fairer creature than we know. The details, the prose of nature, he should omit, and give us only the spirit and the splendor. In a portrait he will inscribe the character and not the features, and must esteem the man that sits to him as himself only an imperfect picture or likeness of the aspiring original within."

In the proportion, then, that any product of human activity realizes this end is it a work of Art. Art is not art because of the technique exhibited in its creation, not because it is an exact reproduction of some phase of nature; but it is art because of the "invisible reality," the "ideal," that it embodies and expresses.

It must be inferred from all this that no common truth or coarse reality can properly become a subject of Art, and that Art is not a mere pastime, a luxury, for certain classes of society, but that it is the highest and most important good to mankind. If, therefore, the conceptions of Art as has been set forth is the true one, it is easy to understand that there is a very close relation between Art and Morality, Beauty and Truth, since both sprang from the same source and are expressions of the same unchangeable law.

We do not mean thereby that it is the duty of the artist to treat Morality, or inculcate in others the moral virtues. While we hold that Art and Morality are closely related, we do not mean to infer that the same laws obtain in both spheres. Art is subject to laws proper to itself as Truth also is. These are the laws of Beauty. But in ranking Beauty with Truth and making it subject to laws that, while peculiar to itself, are nevertheless analogous to the laws that govern Truth, we

run counter to the conception of Beauty that prevails to-day. Philosophers and physiologists alike in our day insist that Beauty is a purely physical and subjective thing. This theory of the Beautiful is the product of the Empirical school of knowledge and morals. According to this theory, "Truth is what each man troweth," and Goodness "what each man fancies to be good;" or, in other words, Truth and Goodness have only a passing and relative meaning. In the same manner, these philosophers contend that there is nothing intrinsically beautiful in objects, and, instead of what they regard as the "helpless dogma of an ultimate and inexplicable standard" for the determination of what is beautiful, accept a general theory of development by which what was at first neutral or even ugly has become beautiful through custom, habit or association.

It is not necessary in order to establish our thesis to treat this question fully. It is enough to say that the general acceptance of the theory of Evolution in our age has not displaced the notion of an absolute objective standard of the True, the Beautiful and the Good. We must necessarily admit that beauty is both subjective and objective; and that it is by the correspondence and harmony of these that we are able to appreciate beauty at all. We must also admit that in objective beauty there is both an *intrinsic* and an *extrinsic* element; and that in our subjective appreciation of beauty there is a bringing together of the *uniform* and the *variable*, the *essential* and the *accidental*. Now in both objective and subjective beauty there is an element that persists and exists for one and all *absolutely*, whether perceived or unperceived, and another element that is wholly *relative* and may appeal differently to each beholder. The first of these elements, with which Art is especially concerned, addresses itself to the intellect, and furnishes the artist with his ideals; whereas, the second addresses itself solely to the senses and furnishes the artist with his raw materials. Imitators and realists in Art confine themselves to this second element exclusively, and in consequence their Art is idealless and soulless; while extreme idealists go to the opposite extreme and insist that all beauty is purely subjective, and that the beauty of the mind creates the beauty of nature. These two schools of Art represent the falsehood of extremes. The true school is undoubtedly the one that recognizes both

elements, the subjective and the objective; makes one the correlative of the other, and holds that the secret of beauty is to be found in the correspondence between these two elements.

It must be inferred from this, that Art is primarily a thing of the intellect and not of the senses. But the end of the intellect is truth; therefore, there must of necessity be a very close relationship between Truth and Beauty. Art and Morality, since they both are ends of the same faculty of the soul, are expressions of the same unchangeable truth. The Beautiful is, indeed, what Plato defined it to be: "The splendor of the True."

The philosophy that denies Morality, or even insists that Truth must be subordinated to Beauty, and hopes thereby to exalt Art, has proposed to itself an impossible task, since, indeed, morality is the very basis of Art.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The Musician.

The rich decorations of the room show the selection of a connoisseur, the arrangement of an artist. The beautiful silken hangings lend a dreamy atmosphere to it. A large, quaintly-carved clock stands beside the black walnut doors. A bronze statue of Mercury set upon a black marble pedestal is beside the piano. Within the grate flicker a few dying embers as though they were going out with the day. All bespeak lavish richness and studied beauty.

The faint rays of the setting sun peering lazily through the windows form a golden halo around the head of a young musician seated at the piano. His slender fingers rest dreamily on the keys with the touch of a master. His head is thrown back revealing the high forehead; his face is almost angelic. His finely-chiselled features and sensitive lips are beautiful to behold; his waving black hair arranged with studied negligence lend a supernatural beauty to his countenance. His eyes are wonderfully soft and dreamy and they seem to look beyond the skies; his musical mind seems to be with the angels so sweet is the expression on his whole being. He is unconscious of his surroundings; his spirit is transported above all earthly things; it wanders among the Muses, and his fingers but act under the inspiration of his soul.

GEORGE A. BUENGER.

Varsity Verse.

A FEAST OF WELCOME.

(Horace, Odes I, 36.)

WITH incense and the music of the lyre
And with the life-blood of a bullock vowed,
Let us appease the gods who graciously
Our Numida's return from Spain allowed.

Unharm'd he's here caressing his dear friends—
Sweet Lamia longest in his warm embrace;
For still he's mindful of the school-boy days
And how they kept together in the race.

O let the day be one of happiness;
And let there be no limit to the wine,
As Solian feet glide softly o'er the floor
To keep us in good humor as we dine.

To-day shall see the fall of Damalis:
With Thracian bumper Bassus shall win out.
And tender lilies, roses, parsley green,
In splendor shall be strewn profuse about.

All languid eyes will rest on Damalis;
But Damalis remaining just as free
Will close to her new lover fondly cling
Like ivy growing thickly round a tree.

A. J. D.

"THAT TIRED FEELING."

I don't know what folks call it,
For I never heard them say;
But I'm sure to have that feeling
Somewhere 'long the first of May.

I can't very well explain it,
But it seems to take me hard,
And when settled in my system,
All my energy 'comes jarred.

It makes me feel like lying
'Neath the shade of some old tree,
Out where everything is quiet,
And no one to bother me.

Although I try to dodge it,
Nature's bound to have her way;
And I'm sure to have that feeling
Somewhere 'long the first of May.

J. J. M.

LIMERICKS.

A mighty young Nimrod from here,
Started out with intentions sincere,
After passing the stile,—
Hardly distant a mile,—
He murmured, "Great Scott! there's a dear!"

There once was a pilgrim from Cass,
Brought his wealth to Chicago en masse,
But his coin,—what a sin!—
On gold bricks, he blew in,
Apropos, then, he blew out the gas.

L. M. F.

Miss N. E. L., so gossips tell,
Ne'er had a 'real good lover,'
Until one day, pa stole away
And left her % her brother.

W. E. N.

In Dangerous Quarters.

ROBERT E. PROCTOR, '04.

I had left the American camp at Skippah Creek an hour before, and was within a mile of the British picket on Mount Airy when my horse shied at some object lying in the road.

"What's the matter, old fellow?" I asked as I drew rein and vainly tried to distinguish what the object was. Then dismounting I strode forward and in another instant was kneeling by the body of a man.

He was lying face downward on the ground. I turned him over so as to see his face and could not repress an exclamation of surprise, as the light of the moon disclosed to me a gaping wound in the right temple.

I recognized the face immediately; the man was Ridley, a spy in the employ of the British army, who had once come nigh to meeting death at my hands.

I satisfied myself that life was extinct. How he had met his death, I did not know unless he had lost control of his horse; had been thrown and instantly killed. The riding-whip which lay by his side indicated that this was the correct solution.

I at once began searching his clothing for the despatches that I had no doubt he carried. I even removed his boots and carefully examined them; but no despatches rewarded my eyes. Then I bethought myself of the riding-whip. I picked it up and began to run my fingers along it. Suddenly as I was pressing upon a slight depression in the whip, it broke into two parts, and there, protruding from one of the broken ends, was a roll of tissue. I eagerly seized it, and straining my eyes read the address on the outside of the roll:

"Lord Admiral Howe to General Gray, Commandant, Germantown, Pa."

"Luck is with you, Roger Layton!" I involuntarily exclaimed. "Armed with these despatches and disguised as you are, you can boldly enter the British camp, and secure the information General Washington desires."

I placed the despatches within the secret flap in my three-cornered hat, the same hat that Captain Jack Graydon had used so often; and after removing Ridley's body to the roadside, behind some bushes where it could not easily be seen, again mounted Prince and set out for Germantown.

The picket on Mount Airy challenged me,

but after stating my mission allowed me to proceed after first directing me how to reach headquarters. The clock had already struck ten when I drew rein in front of Mrs. Henderson's mansion in Germantown, headquarters of General Gray commanding the forces stationed at the little town.

The house was lighted from top to bottom. Evidently the inmates were making merry, for I could hear the sound of laughter and the sharp clink of glasses. In answer to my loud knocking, the door was flung open by a red-coated soldier who gruffly demanded:

"Who are you and what do you want?"

"My business is not with you," I answered, boldly. "Take me to General Gray at once. I am the bearer of important despatches."

"Enter then," said the soldier; and he immediately conducted me into the presence of General Gray who was drinking and making merry with his brother officers.

Their chatter ceased as we entered the room, and one of the officers, a tall, finely formed man, with a not unpleasant face, laid down his decanter and asked:

"Whom have you there, Griggs?"

"A bearer of despatches, sir," answered the soldier.

"From Admiral Lord Howe, sir," I made haste to answer, at the same time tendering the despatches which I had removed from the hat.

The general unfolded the tissues, and understanding the cypher read the contents without difficulty.

"Where was the Admiral's fleet at the time this message was sent, friend——?"

"Henry Philips, sir," I answered, giving the name I had decided to use. His fleet was stationed in the Chesapeake."

"Yes. And what think you, gentlemen," turning to the other officers, three in all, "Howe asks me to detach three regiments from our weakened force here to keep open the land communication with Chester until the forts on Mud Island and Billingsport are reduced, and to open navigation, so that Howe's fleet may move up the Delaware to the city. Do you think it is safe, Agnew?"

"It would be suicidal," replied Brig.-General Agnew. "Were Washington to learn of it he would immediately attack us."

I drank in all this information, and mentally resolved that I would convey it to my commander or die trying.

"Well, we will not act without orders from Admiral Howe," concluded the general.

"Come friend Philips," turning to me, "have a decanter of wine. Methinks, you are tired after journeying from the fleet."

Nothing loth, I accepted the wine, and drank it down with pleasure.

"Now, gentlemen, let's go in to the ladies," said the General. "I can not stay long away from the youngish one. Come friend Philips."

"I must see to my horse, sir," I replied.

"Tut, tut, man. Private Griggs has tended to that. You must bide with us over the morrow, until I can reply to his lordship's despatch."

Nothing could have suited me better, and I willingly followed the officers into the parlor where the ladies were awaiting us.

General Gray introduced me to Mrs. Henderson, the gay young widow who owned the mansion, and then led me to the 'youngish one,' who was standing with her back to me.

"Mistress Fairfax," said the General. She turned at sound of the voice, saw me, and gave vent to a startled exclamation.

'Twas Mistress Dorothy Fairfax, my sweetheart, whom I had not seen for nigh onto a year, and she had recognized me even through my disguise.

I gave her a look of warning. She recognized the danger of an exposure, and with a coolness that won my admiration accepted an introduction as if we were total strangers. I was glad to note that her exclamation of surprise had passed unnoticed.

I received no opportunity to converse with Mistress Fairfax that evening; for much to my disgust General Gray monopolized her the whole evening. Apparently the old boy was in love with the fair young rebel lass; but that was perfectly natural, for no one could know Dorothy very long without becoming her devoted admirer.

Mrs. Henderson engaged me in conversation and thoroughly tested my knowledge of British affairs. Indeed at times I was hard put for an answer, but my good fortune, which did not desert me, aided me to pass the ordeal successfully. Nevertheless, I was exceedingly glad when Mrs. Henderson announced that we must retire.

"Must, you say, madam?" queried General Gray.

"Yes General. You have a hard day's work ahead of you to-morrow, and I deem it best that you get some sleep. Besides the lass can hardly keep awake. Come, Dorothy, off with you."

Dorothy protestingly complied, and a few minutes later we followed her example—it having been arranged that I should double for the night with Lieutenant Deventer.

This officer was an inquisitive chap, and he questioned me very thoroughly regarding Admiral Howe and his fleet. Fortunately I was familiar with these affairs and did not allow Deventer to puzzle me. Then I adroitly drew the officer out, and when I dozed off to sleep my last thought was that I was already in possession of information regarding the British forces at Germantown which would be of incalculable benefit to our cause.

It was almost noon the next day before I secured an opportunity of speaking with Dorothy alone. As soon as the British officers left the house and Mrs. Henderson went over to a neighbor to gossip, I went in search of Dorothy and found her in the parlor.

She was standing looking out of a window as I entered and at first did not see me. I caught my breath with wonder at the sight of her beauty, enhanced a thousandfold by the pale blue silk she wore, cut low in the neck, thus setting forth the beauty and grace of her round chin and her dazzling white neck. I halted and drank in the intoxicating beauty of this graceful young creature. She turned her glorious eyes toward me, and a smile flushed her perfect young face. Her dark eyes fell before my look of admiration, and a delightful blush suffused her countenance. In another moment I was at her side. She lifted her eyes till they met mine, and then extended her hand to me, at the same time saying:

"My greetings to Lieutenant Roger Layton."

"And mine to Mistress Dorothy Fairfax. But have you no warmer welcome for me than this? Wouldst have me ride so far for no reward?"

"Is not seeing me sufficient reward?" she replied. "If not, 'ask and thou shalt receive.' Methinks, Master Roger was not wont to be so backward about taking what he desired. War doth not make cowards of us all."

The temptation was too great to be resisted. In another instant I had snatched a kiss from those lips and had received a resounding slap in return.

"That for your impudence, sir!" cried Mistress Fairfax with flaming cheeks and flashing eye. "Tis the way of you rebels to be so bold. That is the reason I like them—nay, nay, Roger, you have had your reward, so now

restrain your eagerness and tell me how you have fared since you joined the patriot army."

I related to Dorothy the story of Graydon's death, and how I won my commission. Before I had finished the tears came unchecked to her eyes, and when I told her of his last words she almost sobbed aloud. I told her of General Washington, of all his kindness to me; how he had given me a lieutenant's commission and a place on his staff. Before I had finished relating the story of Quebec, Long Island, and the other battles I had taken part in, Mrs. Henderson entered the parlor and put an end to any further conversation regarding affairs of the American army and myself.

I am positive that the good widow suspected that something was amiss, for she remarked on the heightened color in her niece's cheek and the added sparkle to her eye.

That afternoon Lieutenant Deventer escorted me around the camp, which bisected the village almost at right angles. I made a mental note of the location of each regiment, and congratulated myself on the fact that if the information I had gained ever reached General Washington he would know how to use it. As we were returning, the British officer pointed out a body of men who were busily engaged in tearing down tents.

"Those are the three regiments that Admiral Howe asked for. They leave to-morrow morning or this evening."

I listened to the lieutenant's words with feelings that can not be expressed. If this were true, a great victory was within our grasp. And his words were confirmed by General Gray that evening; for as he handed me a despatch addressed to Admiral Lord Howe he said:

"The three regiments left here at six o'clock. Carry this message straight to the fleet."

I nodded assent, but mentally vowed that in less than two hours the despatch would be in Washington's hands.

Before I left the British headquarters I contrived to whisper in Dorothy's ear to meet me in the garden back of the mansion. She nodded her head affirmatively, and then I thanked Mrs. Henderson for her kindness in entertaining me, a poor British spy, so royally, bowed low over Mistress Fairfax's hand, and mounting Prince set off on my journey. Ten minutes later Prince was standing quietly

under the shadow of a tree near the entrance to the garden from the highway, and I was risking possible detection as a spy to bid farewell to my sweetheart.

"And you will return immediately to the American army, Roger," said Dorothy as I turned to go a few minutes later.

"Yes, as fast as horseflesh can carry me," I replied in a low tone.

"Oh no you wont, my fine rebel!" cried a voice close behind Dorothy, and out from behind the shadow of a tree stepped a man. It was Lieutenant Deventer! Dorothy gave a gasp of dismay as she recognized him in the gloom, and fell back a pace.

"Surrender, or you are a dead man!" exclaimed the Britisher levelling a pistol at my head. I suspected—

I was upon him in an instant, and while my left hand grasped his pistol my right closed around his throat shutting off the cry for help that he would have uttered.

The pistol was discharged harmlessly in the air; and then having secured the weapon I dealt him a blow on the head with the butt end of it and he sank limply to the ground.

"Have you killed him?" breathed Dorothy.

"No," I replied, "he will recover in a short time."

"Go then," she begged. "Even now lights are flashing in the house. Go quickly if you value your safety."

"And you?" I questioned.

"Fear not for me. I return to-morrow to Philadelphia. Aunt Henderson will protect me till then."

A word of farewell and I left her side, and sped quickly to the highway. I leaped into the saddle; Prince broke at once into a swift gallop, and in fifteen minutes I was outside the enemy's camp, beyond all sounds of pursuit, and on the road to Skippah Creek and safety. Before midnight that night General Washington was in possession of all the information I had secured, and two days later, on October 4, he attacked the weakened post at Germantown.

Rapid Transit.

Just a young sport in an automobile,
A poor little waif in the way;
Crushed in an instant; no pain did he feel—
A butterfly born for a day.

J. P. O'R.

The Cowboy.

Perhaps the most frequently misjudged character in American life is the sturdy, fearless man of the Western plains. To those who are but partially acquainted with the duties of his calling, he is looked upon as being a dare-devil and desperado and one who is totally lacking in civilization. It is needless to say that most of these erroneous ideas are gotten through the reading of cheap novels, the authors of which in naming their heroes call them cowboys, when in fact they are nothing else than low, sneaking horse thieves or highway robbers.

It is true that these hardy, weather-beaten fellows have not the refinement and culture of New York society; but it is only because of the peculiarities of their surroundings that they have discarded these formalities, and not that they presume or intend to defy or disregard the laws of their state. The cowboy has just as keen a sense of duty as has his less adventurous friends of the Eastern states. There are hundreds of recorded instances which plainly show that these bold and reckless westerners would risk their lives in carrying out orders from their employers.

While sitting in the saddle, rounding up cattle, throwing the lariat or using the rifle, they are but following their vocation. From boys up, they have delighted in bold undertakings, and they are never so much at home as when taking part in some thrilling adventure. Busting the wild furious broncos is a favorite sport of these men, and, be it said to their credit, they are very skilful in this dangerous but useful pursuit.

Thousands of these men are being employed throughout the Western states, and, as a class they have proved to be respectable, law-abiding citizens. It was only a few years ago that a regiment composed entirely of these brawny, fearless westerners, headed by their indomitable leader, who has since risen to the highest office in this great nation,—this regiment of cowboys marched up San Juan Hill and by their courage and patriotism won new glory and renown for the already illustrious American flag. JOSEPH J. MEYERS, '04.

THE disjunctive "but" of a clause and the conjunctive "butt" of a goat are singularly patent in offsetting good premises.

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—On account of the drudgery of thesis work and preparation for final examinations, May is an exceedingly busy month for the expectant graduate. Then, too, there is that important social event known as the senior banquet without which a college course would indeed seem incomplete. It is a function, above all others, which is characterized by good fellowship. Humor beams, wit sparkles, songs are sung and fervid speeches help to round out a glorious occasion. "Our Alma Mater," of course, has its prominent place on the programme, and the theme naturally evokes fulsome protests of affection and devotion. This has been attested by class-banquets of the past; it will most likely repeat itself in the future. A retrospective view that would give data of the fulfilment of these promises would be interesting. What have Catholic graduates done for their colleges in a financial way? Surely they have been no less successful than their fellows who have graduated at non-Catholic institutions; yet in vain we scan the list of colleges that have received large benefactions to find the name of a Catholic institution. A gift of \$100,000 to other institutions is quite common,—\$1000 to even a leading Catholic school is rare. Let us hope that the present generation of students will vary the record of their predecessors. Engrossed with the cares of the work-a-day world, may they not be altogether too busy to carry into effect some of the protests of loyalty made to Alma Mater at senior class-banquets?

—The negro question still causes the United States much anxiety and trouble, and it is no idle prophecy to say that its proper adjustment will require even more attention in the future than it has received in the past. The educated negro is a man of worth to himself and his fellows regardless of color; he is the strongest factor that can make for the adjustment of the negro problem. But in considering him, a very important fact seems to be generally overlooked. The educated negro is scarcely ever met. In almost every instance the negro who has exhibited superior intellectual attainments will be found to reflect a strain of white ancestry. Booker T. Washington is an example of this. The mental make-up of the negro is considerably lower than that of his white brother, and he has a heritage of tendencies that result from centuries of slavery. The negro lacks ambition, his animal passions are too often the masters of his will, and he is easy-going, thriftless and lazy. The results of Southern Industrial Schools, however, give hope that he may yet be able to work out his own salvation. The negro must be taught to labor with his hands—that is the great lesson which all who have his welfare at heart are trying to impress. When that lesson is learned, and when the standard of the negro's usefulness and ambition is raised, the question which is now perplexing the United States will be much nearer a favorable solution.

—A contributor to a French journal has lately furnished his paper with some particulars regarding the manner in which mosquitoes pass the winter. The writer says: "It is well known that mosquitoes hibernate in the adult state; a certain number of these unpleasant insects pass the winter in various retreats—in slaughter-houses, granaries, cellars, etc., and in the spring they resume active life and multiply their kind." It will be news to some to learn that even extreme cold will not kill the mosquito. The larvæ may be frozen, and, after being thawed out, will still survive. That the mosquito is a pretty tough customer is further proved by polar explorers who have observed numbers of these insects in the ice regions.

Assuming that one 'good' turn deserves another, the mosquito is not unworthy of the attention of the French correspondent. How the mosquito spends the winter is a matter of interest; but whether he is engaged in travel,

dissipation, domestic duties, or the study of military tactics, he invariably shows up in summer in the pink of condition, a "first-class fighting man." The mosquito is a good deal of a Napoleon. Notice the suddenness and precision of his attacks and with what persistency his gyrations are directed to the bald pate or ruby nose. But he is a scoffer at the recognized rules of warfare, an outlaw with no regard for existing human conventions.

Somewhat of an epicure too, he usually selects the most succulent parts of the unprotected human anatomy for his evening suppers, and experience proves that he is a lavish entertainer. Nor is this the extent of his depredations. Not content with the tribute he exacts he ungratefully bequeathes to his victims a long list of malarial diseases. It was the discovery of this fact that made the mosquito the common enemy of man and that led the authorities at Notre Dame to go to the expense of dredging the lakes in the vicinity and draining and disinfecting the adjoining marshes. These onslaughts on his favorite rendezvous will seriously affect his numbers in our immediate neighborhood and thereby add to the health and comfort of the students. Nevertheless, he is likely to interview us occasionally during the coming month, and on our vacation he is sure to meet us. There is no need to inquire how the mosquito spends the summer—we all know it to our cost.

—The youthful writer who comes from a home that is built amid the rarest natural scenery will invariably scorn all attempts at nature description. He will generally exercise his imagination by writing short sketches where impossible fictitious creatures converse on impossible topics, and he will endeavor to picture *salons* and the habits of a society which he knows nothing about. On the other hand, the young person who chances to know something about the habits of the so-called better class of society, instead of describing these, launches into most unnatural and impossible descriptions of mountains, sunsets, and seas. If either writer would give us his impressions of the circumstances and surroundings with which he is best acquainted his attempts might at least have a semblance of sincerity and truthfulness. Instead of sketching as nearly as possible some odd character known throughout boyhood, the

young man sets a story back in the Middle Ages, and thinks he is capable of giving it local color—this because several historical novels managed somehow to have enormous sales. These, written by much older and cleverer hands, may have had sales, but surely they have had little enough color. Probably it is the perversity of human nature that causes a young author to attempt to do what he can not,—and this habit is not restricted entirely to the young.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, that gifted poet, wit and essayist, has dropped many a little aphorism here and there in his works. One among them, however, is perhaps of more than ordinary interest to us as students. The Doctor says "Self-made is imperfectly made, or education is a superfluity and a failure." We not infrequently hear in these days that a college education is a detriment rather than a help to the young man ambitious of success. Invariably the statement emanates from some merchant 'prince' or 'baron' who has risen to the select society of millionaires, either step by step by dint of hard and intelligent labor, or suddenly by clever and successful speculation. He is a self-made man; that is, he has attained this degree of success with but a grammar school education, with perhaps a little more than this, or even somewhat less.

Men of this stamp set themselves up as models for the imitation of our youth, arguing that they never saw the interior of a college building, and have been the better for it. Yet the truth of Holmes' remarks is forced upon us when we observe how general higher education has become in our day. Education is neither a superfluity nor a failure; else it were hard to account for the generous support which intelligent and successful business men and merchants throughout the whole wide-awake world have ever been ready to give to the college and the university. They send their sons to college, and by funds reaching them in this way as well as by endowments and bequests from the same source, institutions for higher education, in our country particularly, are widespread and in flourishing condition. The practical element can not be ignored: money talks and rather convincingly at that.

With those men whose intelligent and determined industry unassisted by college

training has carried them to the top of the ladder of worldly success we have no quarrel when they teach young men that success of any kind can not be attained without persistent effort. When, however, they point to the self-made and therefore imperfectly made man as the ideal of citizenship we complain. And especially do we lose patience with the upstart, who, with an air of self-satisfied omniscience, anathematizes all institutions for higher learning as well as educators themselves. Thanks to the sound sense of the American people the opposition which such men make to higher education counts for little. The verdict of American fathers is quite unanimous in favor of higher education, the work of educators is bound to succeed in the future as it has in the past, and progressing with the age it must ever continue to exert a salutary influence in the community.

—The annual contest and convention of the Inter-State Oratorical League took place May the 1st at Cleveland, Ohio. Eleven states were represented, namely, Missouri, Kansas, Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, Minnesota, Iowa, Colorado, Nebraska, Wisconsin, and Michigan. Indiana was represented in the contest by Mr. F. F. Lewis of DePauw University, who was awarded fourth place. First place was captured by Mr. Washington Irving Maurer of Beloit College, Wis.; Mr. Abraham Muste of Hope College, Mich., was second; and Mr. Edward Hislop of Baker University, Kansas, was third.

Indiana's delegate to the convention was Mr. B. V. Kanaley of Notre Dame; and as it was impossible for him to attend, Mr. P. W. O'Grady of Notre Dame represented the State. Mr. O'Grady served on the three most important committees, acting as chairman of one; and also introduced an amendment to the constitution, "That the expense of the Vice-President be paid out of the funds of the Convention," which was carried.

At the election of officers, Mr. O'Grady nominated B. V. Kanaley for Vice-President, in a ringing speech that was evidently very effective with the delegates, for Mr. Kanaley was unanimously elected on the first informal ballot. Mr. Kanaley's office is especially important since the constitution of the Association provides that the Vice-President shall have the power to name the location of next year's Inter-state contest, which will take place in the state of Indiana.

Books and Magazines.

HARRY RUSSELL, A Rockland College Boy. By Rev. J. E. Copus, S. J. [Cuthbert]. Benziger Brothers.

The host of boys and girls who followed this story in the *Ave Maria* will gladly welcome its appearance in book-form and recommend it to their young friends. Harry Russell, whose kindness and chivalrous conduct toward poor Nancy in the opening of the story win for him two staunch friends, is sent to Rockland through the benevolence of Mr. Longstreet. After a series of ups and downs, troubles with professors and difficulties in his classes, he is graduated with credit; he falls heir to a fortune, and so the story closes happily. The plot of the story is novel and really good, though we can not help wishing Father Copus had placed more of the actions in the college domain. For graceful style and general facetiousness, "Cuthbert" is second only to Father Finn.

THE PLAYWATER PLOT. By Mary T. Waggaman. Benziger Bros., New York, Cincinnati, Chicago. 60 cts.

In this her latest story, Miss Waggaman has made herself dearer, if possible, to the hearts of her young Catholic readers. The plot of her new book is sufficiently strong, and the characters, especially those of the boys, are exceedingly well drawn. The few negro characters presented are typical, and, best of all, they speak perfect negro dialect. The abundance of nature-description introduced would become tiresome were it not so well done. With pretty binding, clear type and liberal margins, the book is attractive looking.

—The May number of that excellent periodical, the *Rosary Magazine*, contains an abundance of good reading-matter both in prose and in poetry. "Our Lady's Youth in Art," beautifully illustrated, is presented in a charming manner by Mary F. Nixon Roulet; in "A Pilgrimage through Belgium" Georgina Pell Curtis uses to advantage that peculiarly happy style of hers which is the delight of the readers of the best Catholic magazines; two interesting sketches, "Cardinal Pierotti" and "May in Rome," by Grace V. Christmas, will be enjoyed. "Our Lady's Rosary" is a learned article which proves conclusively the fact that St. Dominic was the first to inaugurate and promulgate the beautiful devotion of the Rosary; Father Mullany's theme in "The Old World through American Eyes" is ancient Syracuse, a subject to which he does ample

credit. The fiction comes from the pen of such able writers as Roderick Gill; J. William Fischer and Anna C. Minogue, while a number of the younger bards offer well-meaning efforts in verse; the editorial comment worthily closes this really fine May number.

C. L. O'D.

Looking Forward.

History bears out the fact that all civilized peoples have been, and still are, gradually advancing in the several lines of industry. It matters not whether we look to the extensive fields of China, to the great European manufactories, or to our own persistence and assiduity, we are sure to find that the industrial methods now used are a great improvement over those of a hundred years ago. Unless there will be some unforeseen impediment to this progress, the close of the twentieth century will mark some of the most perfect achievements ever accomplished by mankind.

When we stop to consider that it was only a little over a hundred years ago that the powers of steam and electricity were first disclosed, we immediately ask ourselves, why can not the twentieth century bring out discoveries even more wonderful? Electricity has probably proved to be one of the most marvellous forces ever utilized by man, and its rapid advancement is even more amazing. It is to be regretted that men of the Edison stamp can not continue their usefulness through several generations, but it is only natural that they will be succeeded by others. Such remarkable examples of scientific genius have proved to the world that wonders can be accomplished by earnest, untiring efforts. They have prepared the way for scientific inventions which others in the future may perfect. We have every reason to believe that the power of electricity is unlimited, for such is the conclusion of the great scientists. But electricity is not the only ground for scientific investigation; there are many more.

Steam has already proved its availability. It was only a few years ago that the heavy lumbering stage-coach was the only means of travelling through the western country; and now a few days' ride in a comfortable car, drawn by a large steam engine, brings a person to almost any point in the country. And yet the inventors of this great power, when making their first trials, were ridiculed just as Dumont and his followers at present.

Thousands of inventions are being made every year towards the perfection of machinery used in the various manufactories and in the other forms of productive efforts. If the steam engine, the self-binder, the telephone, the automobile or telegraph, and hundreds of other remarkable results of man's genius, were entirely unheard of one hundred years ago, it is not merely possible, but very probable, that, under the same conditions many more startling inventions will be made before the close of this century.

We have but to turn back a few pages in our histories and we will find the warriors fighting with the spear and the battle-axe. Compare their arms with the modern weapons: Huge thundering cannons, the deadly bullets of which carry with them their effectiveness for many miles, repeating rifles, bomb-shells, pistols, and a number of other invaluable arms. What the soldiers will be using a hundred years from now we can not easily surmise, but it is safe to say that their weapons will be better, more effective and used in an altogether different manner than at the present time.

And so it will be in every occupation or pursuit of the busy, never-satisfied man. How different the city of the latter part of the eighteenth century from that of our own day. The numerous telegraph and telephone poles, street-cars, automobiles and bicycles that fill the streets of our modern cities, were wholly unheard of less than fifty years ago. But it is in the country especially that we must look for advancement. When we think of a farmer we picture him to be rather poorly dressed, walking behind a plow, or out in a harvest field with a pitchfork in his hand, or, probably, driving to town in a lumber-wagon drawn by an old worn-out team of horses. This was the farmer, and, in some instances, will still describe him; but his future is a great deal brighter. His implements are becoming more numerous and more useful every day, and in a few years we may expect to see him doing his work with less than half the physical effort he is obliged to use now. All the conveniences which his city friends now enjoy, will soon be his. Rural mail deliveries are rapidly coming into being; telephone lines will soon be extended to every farmhouse in the country; the carriage is gradually supplanting the unwieldy wagon, and it is only a matter of a few years when the street-car lines will be running within a few feet of his door.

Inventions are being turned out by the thousands, and we are prepared not to be surprised at the results of the inventor however marvelous. Wireless telegraphy is already a possibility, and the inventor declares that he will teach the world how to telephone in the same manner. Aerial navigation is being ably tested, and to the originators of this idea, the perfection of this experiment is believed to be near at hand. We ourselves may live to see the day when we will be taking a thousand-mile trip in an airship, and, thanks to Marconi, be carrying on at the same time a conversation with the folks at home, while a return trip to earth by the use of a pair of wings might relieve the monotony of the journey.

J. J. MEYER, '04.

Athletic Notes.

NOTRE DAME BEATS BELOIT.

BELOIT, WIS., May 2—Notre Dame beat Beloit on a wet field to-day by a score of 12 to 6. The many errors made by Beloit were responsible for most of Notre Dame's runs. The first man up in the beginning of the game got a base on a bad error by McConnell, but was caught later at home. The error column kept on filling, however, and two runs resulted. The Notre Dame men all seemed to have their eye on the ball, and played fast in the field. The score:

Shaughnessy c f	1	0	2	1	0
Stephan, 1st	3	0	9	1	0
O'Connor, 3d	2	1	5	4	2
Gage, 2d	3	2	1	4	4
Ruehlbach, r f	1	3	1	1	0
Salmon, l f	0	1	1	0	1
Kanaley, l f	0	0	0	0	0
Doar, c	1	2	4	1	0
Sherry, ss	1	2	4	0	1
Murphy, p	0	0	0	2	1
Totals	12	11	27	14	9

Beloit—1 0 0 1 1 0 0 0 3=6
 Notre Dame—2 1 0 0 2 3 0 4 *=12

Stolen bases—O'Connor, Ruehlbach. Double play—O'Connor to Gage to Stephan. Struck out—By Vogelsberg, 6; by Murphy, 1. Two-base hits—Morey, Mills, Merrill, Doar (2). Three-base hits—Mills, Ruehlbach. Hit by pitcher—Johnson. Bases on balls—Off Vogelsberg, 5; off Murphy, 1. Umpire—Ericson. Time—1:45.

—Record-Herald.

NOTRE DAME TURNS TABLES ON DEPAUW.

DePauw's crack aggregation of ball tossers, with one victory over Notre Dame to their

credit, came here last Wednesday confident of repeating the dose given last week, but failed completely. During the entire nine innings they did not have a single chance of winning, and would have failed to tally but for an untimely error. The Varsity played a fast, snappy game, and gave Ruehlbach gilt-edged support. The big fellow was in excellent form, allowing but five scattered hits. In one inning he retired the side on three pitched balls. Captain Stephan was out of the game with a bad leg, and Salmon filled the initial bag, doing creditable work. O'Connor's home run in the first inning, Ruehlbach's slashing triple, and Doar's catch of a line drive in the ninth, were the chief features for Notre Dame. The DePauw men put up a clever fielding game, and it would be hard to signal out any particular one for special mention, although the three out-fielders made sensational catches.

The State Champions scored two in the first. Shaughnessy singled to centre and stole second. Gage flew out to Cole. O'Connor drove sphere to left field fence for four bags, scoring Shaughnessy. Doar singled to centre, but was thrown out. Antoine got a life on Short's error, and Salmon went out from third to first. Another run came in the third on a base on balls and a wild throw by the catcher. In the fifth Sherry got safe on an error, and stole second, scoring on a wild pitch. The Champs added two more to the score in the sixth. O'Connor got a life at first; Doar sacrificed, and O'Connor scored on Antoine's ripper to centre. Salmon went out from third to first, Antoine going to third. Kanaley hit safely between short and second, and Antoine scored. Sherry flied out to right. To cinch matters, our fellows added four more to their credit in the last half of the eighth on an error, singles by Salmon, Kanaley and Sherry, and Ruehlbach's three bagger. DePauw's lone run came in the seventh on an error and a single.

Notre Dame	AB	R	H	P	A	E
Shaughnessy, c f	4	1	1	3	0	0
Gage, 2d	5	0	0	1	3	0
O'Connor, 3d	3	3	1	0	3	0
Doar, r f	3	0	1	1	1	1
Antoine, c	4	2	1	7	0	0
Salmon, 1st	4	1	1	11	0	1
Kanaley, l f	4	1	2	2	0	0
Sherry, ss	4	2	1	1	2	1
Ruehlbach, p	4	0	1	1	1	0

Totals 35 10 9 27 10 3

Notre Dame—2 0 1 0 1 2 0 4 *=10 9 3

DeP.—0 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 0=1 5 5

Batteries—Notre Dame, Ruehlbach and Antoine; De-Pauw, Cole and Preston. Struck out by Ruehlbach, 7; by Cole, 5. Double play, Doar to Gage. Three base hit, Ruehlbach. Home run, O'Connor. Time of game, 1:10. Umpire, Steiner.

After having won hands down, Sorin took a rapid trip to the clouds in the last inning of their game with Holy Cross, and as a result lost 15-11. Sorin out-batted and out-fielded Holy Cross, but Hammer's wildness was costly. Score:

HOLY CROSS—0 1 0 0 4 2 0 4 4=15 11 6

SORIN—1 0 3 2 5 0 0 0 0=11 13 4

Farley and McGinn; Hammer and Farabaugh.

League games next week:

Sunday—Corby vs. Brownson.

" Holy Cross vs. Carroll.

Thursday—Carroll vs. Sorin.

On Friday, May 1st, the second team of Carroll Hall defeated the Buffaloes of St. Joseph's Hall by a score of 10 to 5.

Buffaloes—0 0 1 0 1 1 1 0 1=5 7 4

CARROLL—0 1 0 2 0 4 1 2 0=10 11 2

Batteries—Walsh, Morrissey and Murphy; Berggren and Quertinmont.

Captain Stephan is laid up with a badly bruised knee, received in running bases at Beloit. A little rest, however, will put the Captain in condition to be with us again in a few days.

Ability to run bases and take advantage of errors won the game for Corby Thursday. Lonergan, Patterson and McCafferty did well for Corby. Score:

St. Joe—2 0 0 1 0 3 0 2 1=9 10 8

CORBY—2 0 3 5 0 4 3 3 *=19 22 3

Molloy and Garland. McCafferty and Patterson.

The preliminary round of the Inter-Hall League is nearly over. Holy Cross has won second place, and will play either Sorin or Carroll for the right to meet Brownson in the championship game. Standing:

	Won	Lost	Per cent
Brownson	4	0	1.000
Holy Cross	3	1	.750
Sorin	2	2	.500
Carroll	1	1	.500
Corby	1	3	.250
St Joe	0	4	.000

Brownson's sluggers scored enough runs in

their five-inning contest with St. Joe to win four or five games. Three of St. Joe's pitchers were used up, and had the game gone the full length, the list (ditto, the score) would have swelled considerably. Score by innings:

BROWNSON—5 6 17 1 4=33 20 3

St. Joe—1 1 3 3 0=8 6 16

St. Joe—Rip Van Rogers, Molloy, Perce and Garland. B.—Opfergelt and Rhodes. Home runs, Gray, 2; McDermott, Desmond. Three-bagger, Kinney, Opfergelt. Two-bagger, Rhodes, Kinney, 2; Geoghegan.

No complete accounts of Lawrence or Beloit games have been received as yet. The Beloit game as given by *Record-Herald* is used here. The only account of Lawrence games we have is that Notre Dame won: 7-4 Higgins' pitching.

JOSEPH P. O'REILLY, '05.

Personals.

—Mr. Leo Kaul, manager of the Lepman Supply House, Chicago, called at the University lately.

—Mrs. Jones and Miss Agnes DeVal of Sister Lakes, Mich., visited Mr. Vitus G. Jones of Sorin Hall.

—Mr. J. J. Walsh of Chicago is at present the guest of his brother who is a student at the University.

—Mrs. A. Darse and Miss K. Darse of Dayton, Ohio, were the guests of the University during the week.

—Messrs. McGlew and O'Reilly entertained some friends from Dowagiac and Paw Paw in the early part of the week.

—Mr. G. D. Gouldey of Sister Lakes, Mich., was the guest of Brother Hugh recently. Mr. Gouldey was delighted with Notre Dame and renewed his acquaintance with friends among the students.

—The Misses Katharine and Anna M. Kerndt of Lansing, Iowa; Miss Lulu Coren and Miss Eleonore Funk of La Crosse, Wis., spent two days at the University this week. They were visiting Arthur Funk of Corby Hall.

—Captain Bernard McLain of Elizabeth N. J., who was visiting his father at Ottumwa, Iowa, called at Notre Dame on his return and spent part of the week with Brother Leander, his brother, and Willie McLain, his son. He says he found his father hale and hearty at the advanced age of ninety years.

—Joe Kenny (Law '02) made a short stay at the University recently. He is employed by a prominent law firm in Chicago and is making steady progress in his profession. From a brief talk with Joe we learned that Messrs. Mitchell, Sullivan, Baldwin and Fortin are

also doing well—which was most agreeable news to us.

—Mr. Fred. W. Myer (Law '02) has just been heard from. A few weeks ago the citizens of Pittsburg, Ill., recognizing his worth, elected him city attorney by a substantial majority. We are glad that his success as a student has been continued in the practice of his profession and in the political arena. Keep a-going, Fred. The more laurels you win the happier will be your friends at Notre Dame.

—Wedding invitations have been received announcing the forthcoming marriage of Mr. Augustus Francis Meehan of Covington, Ky., to Miss Katherine Ingram of Montgomery, Ala. The happy pair will be joined in matrimony in St. Peter's Church, Montgomery, on the 19th inst. Mr. Meehan, who is an old and esteemed student of Notre Dame, is now a prosperous business man of Monterey, Mexico.

The news of Mr. Meehan's marriage is all the more pleasing because the happy event will be solemnized by nuptial Mass. His old preceptors and friends here extend to him and to the partner of his joys and sorrows (we hope the latter will be few) their sincere felicitations.

Local Items.

—Want of space obliges us to hold over until next week an account of the Mexican celebrations of Tuesday. A full report will appear in next issue.

—At the second annual State Convention of the Knights of Columbus which closed in Indianapolis on Tuesday, Professor Ewing was re-elected Supreme Knight. Eighteen councils with a membership of almost three thousand were represented. The honor done Professor Ewing affords much pleasure to his fellow-members at Notre Dame. It is a well-deserved recognition of his efforts in promoting the objects of the Society—the welfare of Church and State.

—It is some weeks since we heard the first warble of the spring poet. He sang of sunshine, love and pattering rain. His gushing muse invited us to don our golfies and doff the winter togs. We tried to accept the invitation while we hummed his inspired lines between chattering teeth. Alas, there was neither sunshine nor love, and the rain was not of that kind which provokes a eulogy. The spring poet possesses a curious mechanism. Let but a ray of sunshine strike him, and his whole constitution wheels into action, turning out dewdrop verses and violet thoughts; let but a robin utter the veriest chirp, and he tears into an ecstasy about the skylark and the rosy-fingered dawn. He scrawls a page of couplets on primrose paths and lily banks, and when the bell rings for

dinner, he has to wade through snow half a foot deep to get to the refectory. There are few liars more cheerful than the spring poet.

—Senior Boat Crews Picked.—O'Malley and Kasper, who will captain the boat crews in the senior races this year, have finally agreed on a choice of men after a good deal of negotiating. Each captain will set his own stroke, and as Kasper has rowed the position for the past two seasons he will have an advantage over O'Malley in this respect. O'Malley, however, has had considerable experience in rowing, and it is generally believed that with regular practice from now until June he will develop into a good stroke. O'Malley has selected the following men for his crew: No. 1, Lonergan; No. 2, Burke; No. 3, Cullinan; No. 4, O'Phelan; No. 5, Toner; No. 6, O'Malley; Coxswain, Lyman; Substitute, Beacom. Kasper's crew and line-up are: No. 1, Mulcrone; No. 2, Dillon; No. 3, O'Grady; No. 4, Fansler; No. 5, Salmon; No. 6, Kasper; Coxswain, O'Connor; Substitute, Daly. O'Malley has the heavier crew, but it is not always weight that wins, and Kasper's experience at stroke will be in favor of his winning. The other crews will be selected within the next ten days, and the men will settle to the work of training at once. Training tables will be started as soon as the positions are filled and the rowers show a disposition to do hard work.

—Had a stranger strolled over to Brownson Campus last Thursday he would have witnessed the Senior Laws and the Collegiate men clashing in their annual baseball game. Under the captaincy of Higgins, the Laws forged to the lead early and won out by a score of 17-16, but only after a hard fight.

Lynch pitched for the Collegiates, and except a tendency to throw wild, to pass men to first and allow hits, he pitched a good game. Walsh, Hanley and Sweeny all fielded their positions well, but Crumley was the star of the day. His daring base running, sensational stops and fine throws won him the applause of the rooters time after time. Manager Gomez immediately secured him for his team in the I. X. L. League.

The Law outfield brought to light several promising sprinters in Green, Davitt and Dubbs. The way they sprinted after the ball was a revelation to Coach Holland who umpired the game. Keeley on second brought the crowd to their feet in the ninth inning. Burke, Hughes and Stephan also showed up well. There was some dispute over the score, but the Hon. A. Ill assures us that the following is correct.

Laws—1 2 2 4 4 1 0 3 0=17 18 17

Litts.—2 1 3 4 1 4 1 0 0=16 18 17

Batteries—Lynch and Neeson; Stephan, Zeigler and Higgins. Two base hits—Lynch, Sweeny, Keeley and Walsh. Three base hits—Walsh, Neeson, Davitt. Single (by request) Stephan. Double plays—Holland to Kanaley; Burke to Lynch. Fouls—Fack, 4. Stolen base—Sweeny.